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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

They knit the wine and jest together
In deeper harmonies;
With my own thoughts they interlace
Like some strange contrapuntal bass—
Your eyes. . . .

The words we speak say all—and nothing.
In them no mystery lies;
Only, between my soul and sense
Steal, half amused and half intense,
Your eyes.

DEFEAT

I have seen him, and his hand
Has that slow gesture still.

My tutored heart
That had gone quietly these many months
And happily, securely, beat its way
Glad to be free of the old instancy—
My heart betrayed me.
Cowardly it stopped;
And then it leaped,
And the old Panic hoofbeats thundered in my ears.

Oh, is there then no peace for me
When old love will not die?
And shall I conquer all things,
Thrusting up, through the intolerable pain of growth,
Until my soul

Eunice Tietjens

Leaps wingéd to the sunset's rim—
Only at last to break myself on love,
And fall a-trembling like an aching girl
Because he has a beautiful, slow hand?

THE TEPID HOUR

In such a tepid night as this
 Strange formless sorrowings lie hid,
Like melancholy in a kiss,
 Like what we dreamed in what we did—
In such a tepid night as this.

From out some shadowy depths of me
 Vague longings struggle, dreamer-wise.
They stir and moan uneasily,
 Then sleep again, too weak to rise
From out those shadowy depths of me.

Life holds me by so frail a thread
 That scarce I feel the drag of it.
Alive I seem, and yet half dead.
 But quick or dead I care no whit,
Life holds me by so frail a thread.

I would not snap the thread, and yet
 Light as it is I grudge its hold.
'Twere broken with no more regret
 Than lingers round a love grown old.
I would not snap the thread, and yet. . . .

Eunice Tietjens